



SECOND BOOK:
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES
For TWO VOYCES:
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.



Phillis.

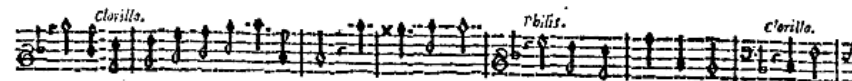
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?

Clorillo.

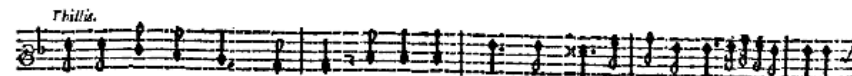
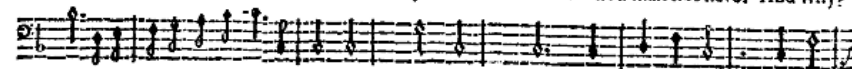
Phillis.

Firſt, let me have a kiſs of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

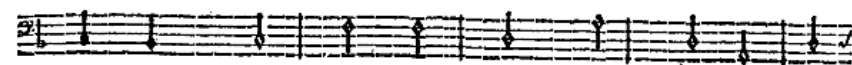
but to my little flock will look, thou ſhalt have this imbroidred ſkrip and ſilver hook.



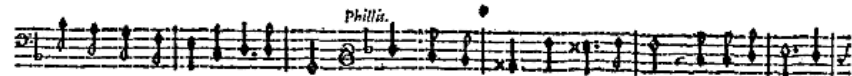
No other favour or reward I crave; but one poor kiſſe. A kiſſe thou muſt not have. And why?



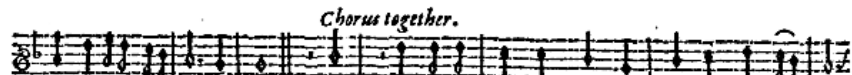
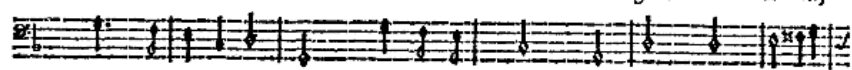
Such enticements Maids muſt fly: this Garland thou ſhalt have of Roſes and of Lil-lies.



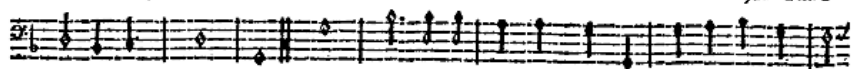
Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland ſweeteſt *Phillis*, do I require, to kiſſe thy freſh and



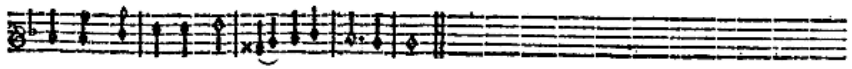
Roſe lip is onely my deſire. Take then a kiſſe, and let me goe, till I return thy



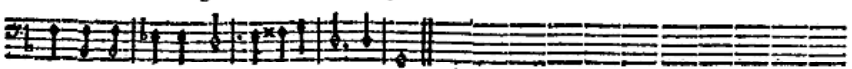
care upon my flocks beſlow. Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



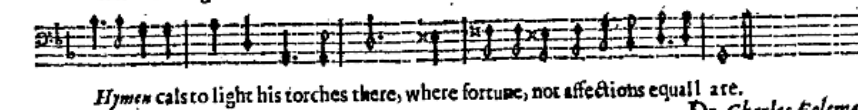
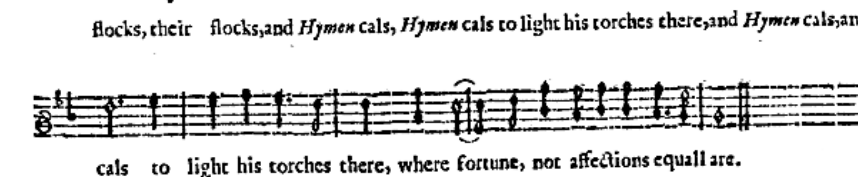
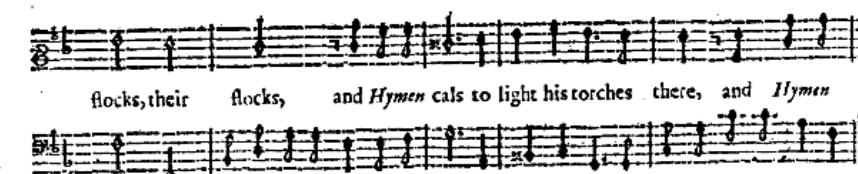
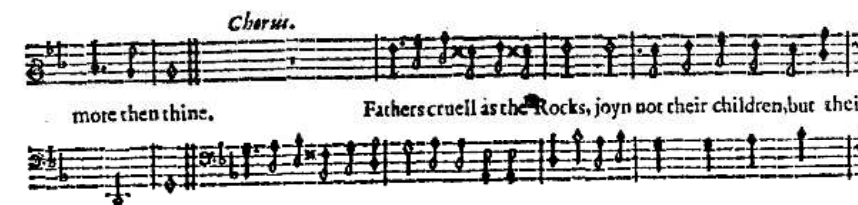
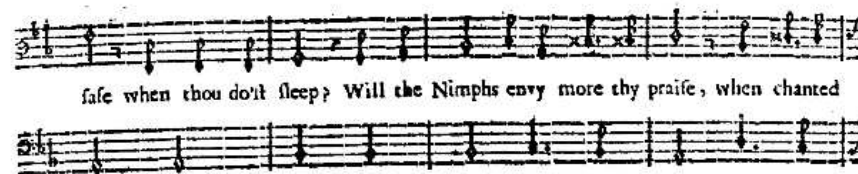
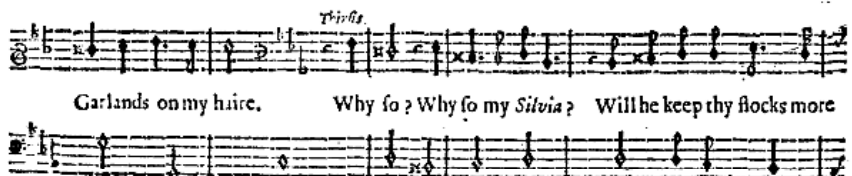
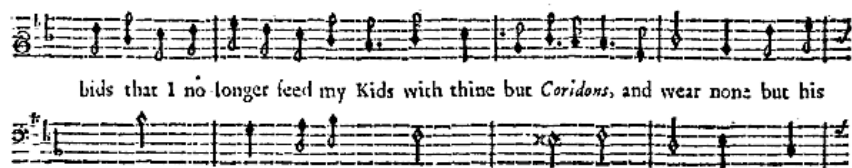
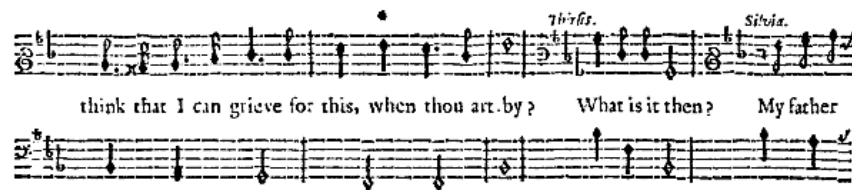
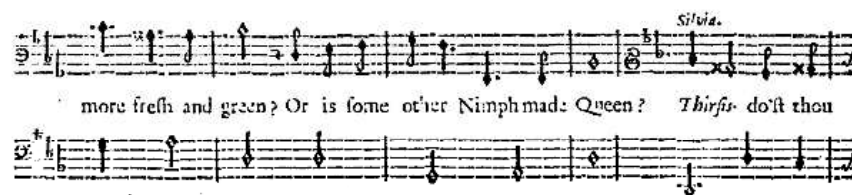
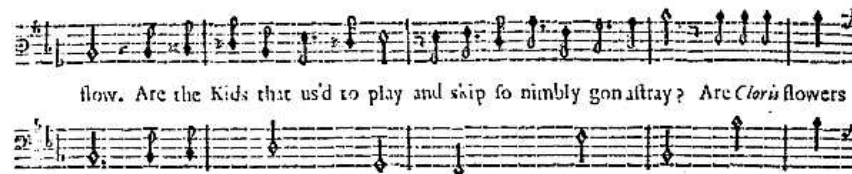
as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Bass and Violon. Thirsis.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.

A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.

Shepherd. *Lucinda.*

D Id not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,

Shep.

but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are

Luc.

I can, or that they are so few. Not mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

Shep. *Luc.*

Cruell, cruell thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! ah me! Ah me! Mock you my grief? I

Shep.

pity thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor relief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

Luc. *Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe,

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve then

what thou findst in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findst in this.

Chorus.

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

C Strephon. *Daphne.*
 Ome my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the criftal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what

Strephon.
 would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* fhall prepare new chaplets for thy

Daphne. *Strephon.*
 hair. Were I fhut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My *Shepherdes* make

Daphne.
 hafte, the minutes fide fo faft. In thofe cooler fhades, will I blind as *Cupid* kiffe your Eye.

Strephon. *Chorus.*
 In thy bofome then I'll flray, in fuch warm fnow, who would not lofe his way? We'll laugh and

We'll laugh and
 leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty. *Mr. Williams Laves.*
 joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdes.

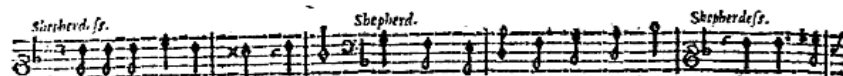
Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*
H Orbear fond Swain, I cannot love. I prethee fair one, tell me why

Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*
 thou art fo cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy fheep whilst

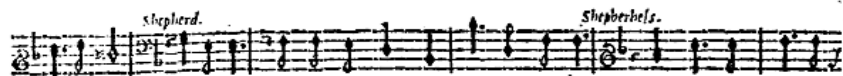
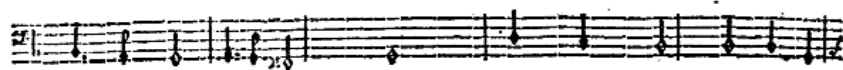
Shepherdes.
 thou fhalt play; Delight fhall make each Moneth a *May*. Thofe pleasant are unthrifty hours.

Shepherd.
 Thou fhalt have the choycelt flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripeft fruits thy belly full.

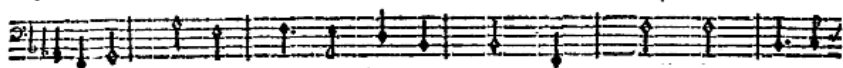
Shepherdes. *Shepherd.*
 My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not fo, but let them undiftinguifht go. *vert. fol.*



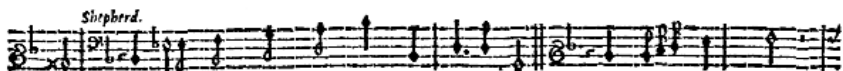
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



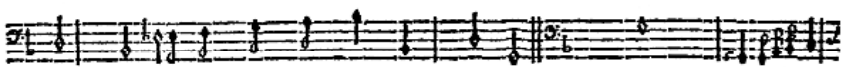
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



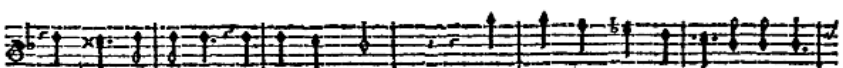
Chorus.



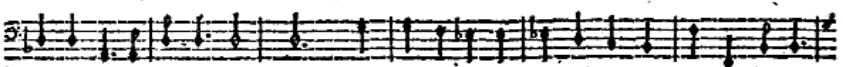
fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



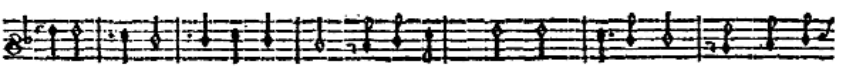
Then draw we



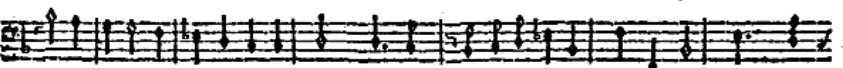
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,



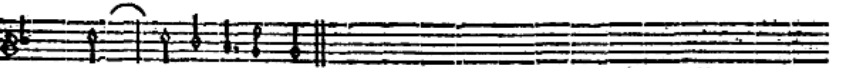
both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



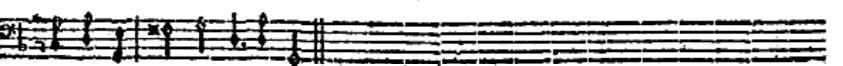
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste embraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



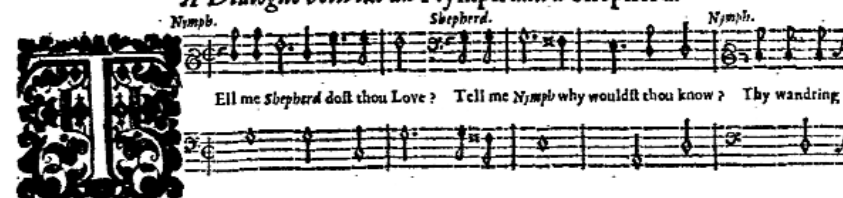
blameless as our sheep.



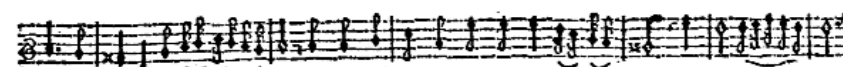
Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar. alias Smirgill.

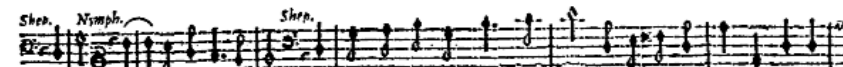
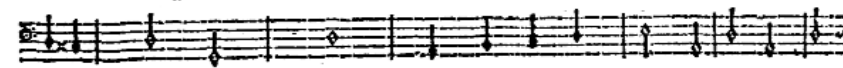
A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



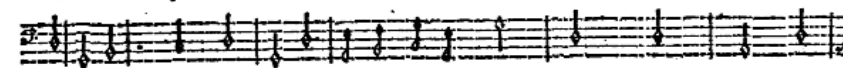
Ell me Shepherd dost thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering



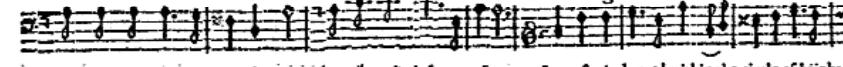
Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubber'd Eyes, that fill with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.



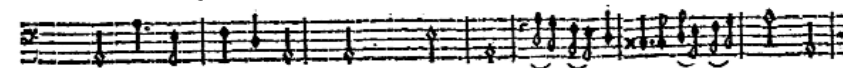
I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes I have doth her brightness borrow,



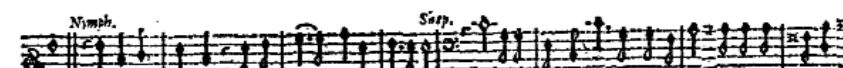
Chorus together.



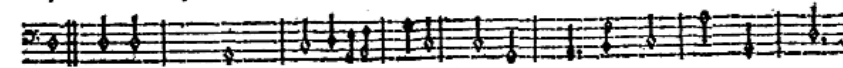
where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sate my sorrow. Love sits imbro'd within the circle of bright



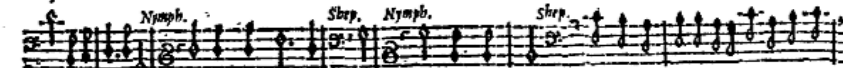
Love sits inthor'd within the circle of bright



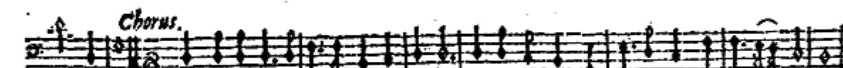
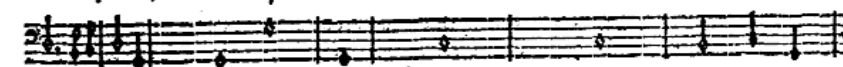
Eyes. But tell me Shepherd, dost her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues



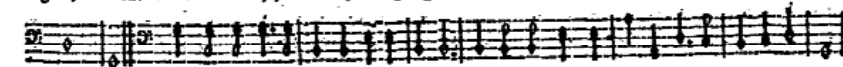
Eyes.



without parallel; Dost She disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the



god, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

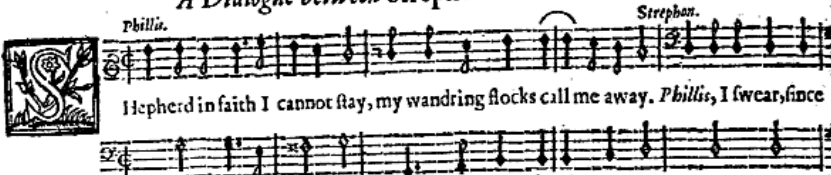


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Mr. Nich. Lupton

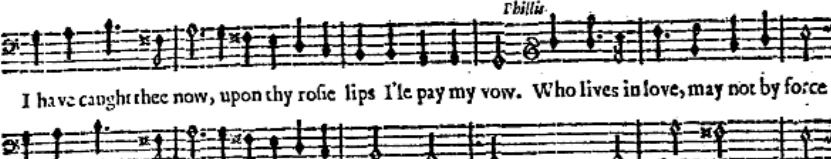
A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.

Phillis.



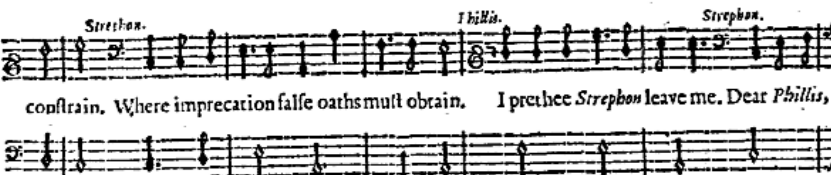
Hephherd in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis*, I swear, since

Phillis.



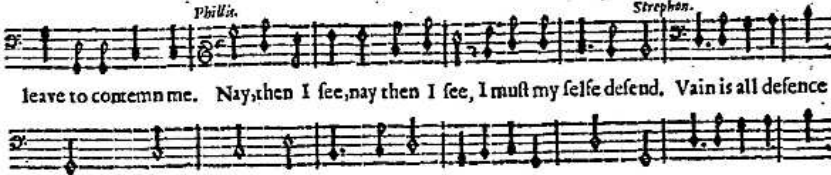
I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

Strephon. *Phillis.* *Strephon.*



constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis*,

Phillis. *Strephon.*



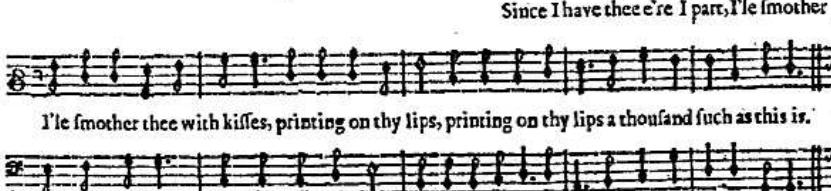
leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vain is all defence

Phillis. *Chorus.*



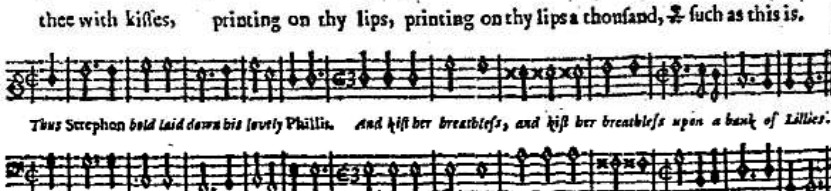
and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

Phillis. *Chorus.*



Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

Phillis. *Chorus.*



thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, & such as this is.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis. And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.
Mr. Nich. Laneart.

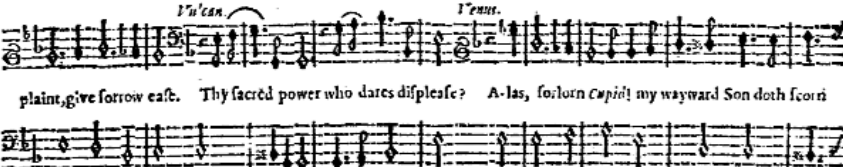
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.

Venus. *Vulcan.* *Venus.*



Vulcan, Vulcan. O *Vulcan*, my Love! Who calls: Who names me here, 'mongst flames? Sweet, hear my

Vulcan. *Venus.*



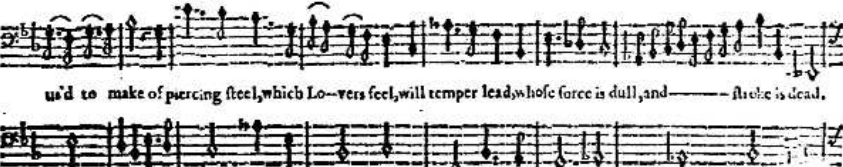
plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, forlorn *Cupid*! my wayward Son doth scorn

Vulcan.



Loves just decree, my awful fust and heavenly De-i-tie. Is he so bold & well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have

Vulcan.




us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo-vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead,

Vulcan.



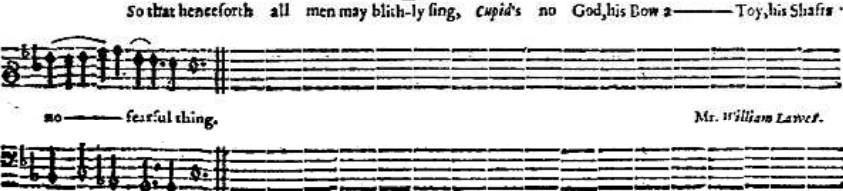
So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft no fearful

Chorus.



thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft

Chorus.



So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft

no ——— fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

no ——— fearful thing.

X

A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

Phil.

Charon. O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.

Chor. What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? *Phil.* I prethee first draw near. A sound

Phil. I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? *Charon.* O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no

Char. name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor

Phil. *Char.* fowl, nor beait, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that

Phil. made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

Char. *Phil.* deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that

Char. *Phil.* *Char.* fed my life, I follow her in death, And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all

Phil. *Char.* pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or

Phil. mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a

Char. *Chorus both together.* Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian

And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian

Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;

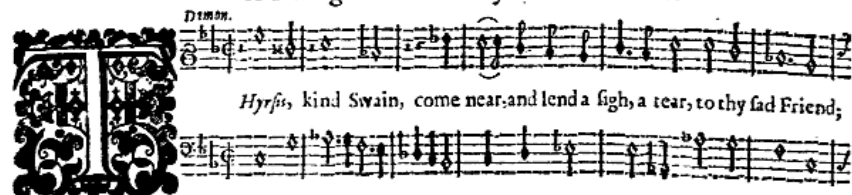
Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry. *Mr. William Lawes.*

else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

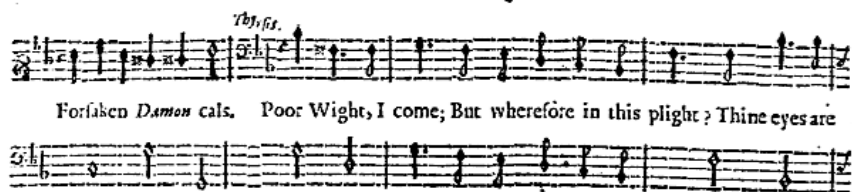
A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.



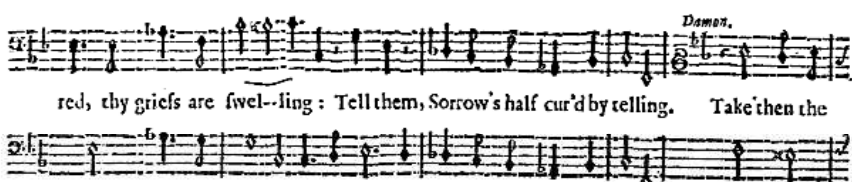
Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Thyrsis.



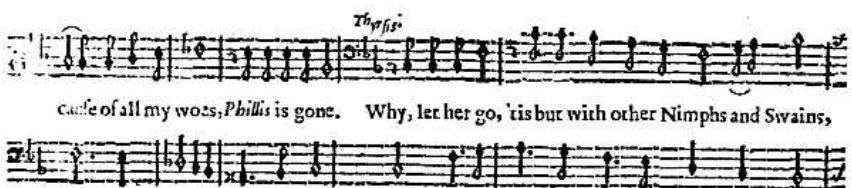
Forfaken Damon calls. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

Damon.

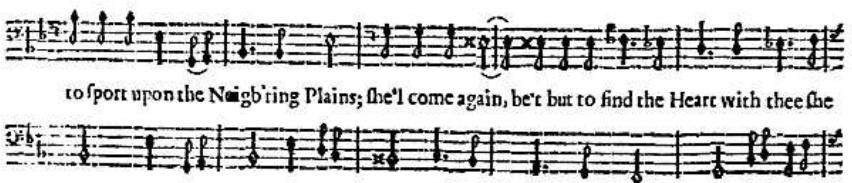


red, thy griefs are swell-ing: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

Thyrsis.

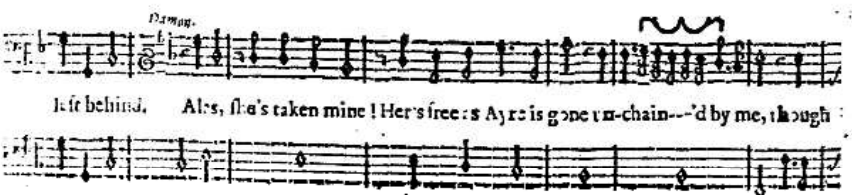


cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

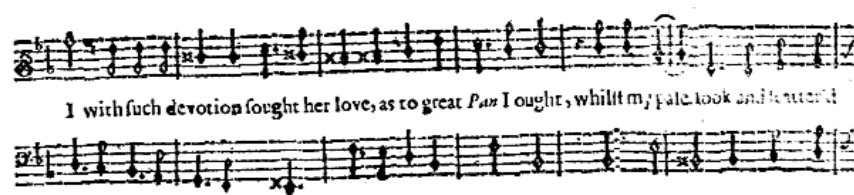


to sport upon the Neighb'ring Plains; she'll come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she

Damon.

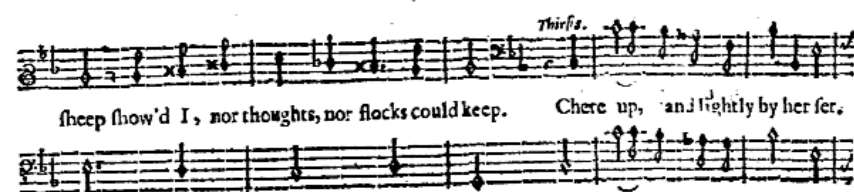


left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: s Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though



I with such devotion fought her love, as to great *Pan* I ought, whilst my pale look and haggard

Thyrsis.



sheep show'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and lightly by her ser,

Damon. *Chorus.*



He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,
Love is a Riddle, which he best un-



whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not
ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's

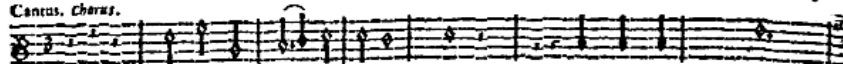


betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.
not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

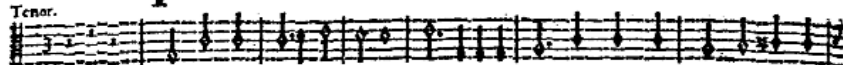
Mr. William Cesar, alias Smegergill.

A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

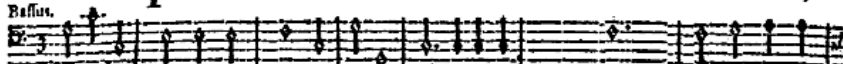
Cantus, Chorus.



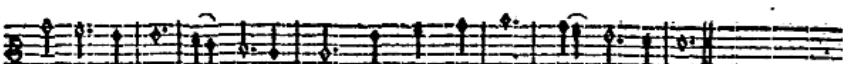
Tenor.



Bassus.



TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'll conjure



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

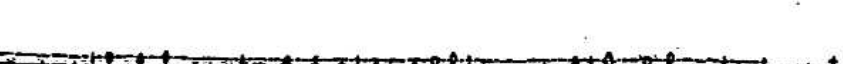
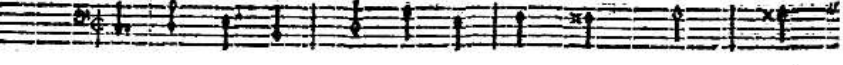


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

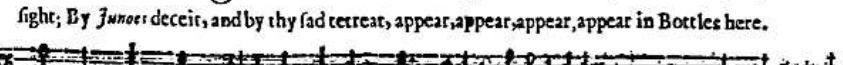
First verse.



BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



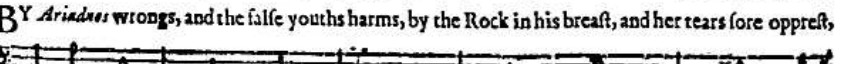
light; By Junos deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



Chorus again.



Chorus again.

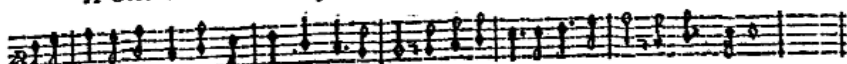


Second verse.



BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears fore oppress,

A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.

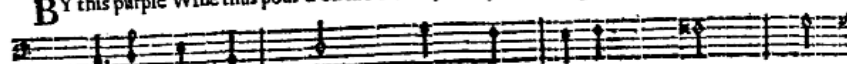


By the Beauty she fled and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.

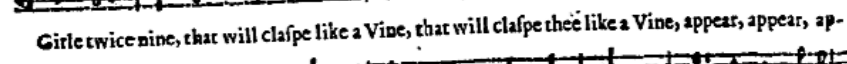


Third verse.

BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a

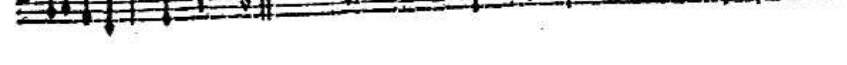
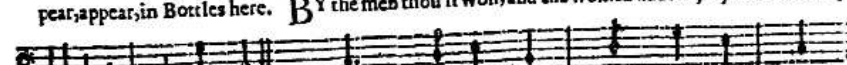


Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-

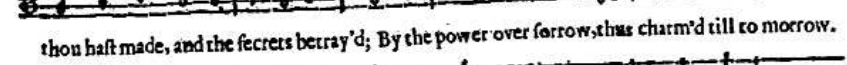


Fourth verse.

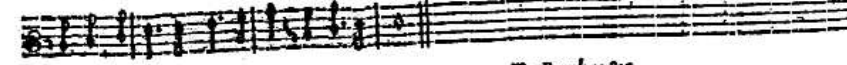
pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship



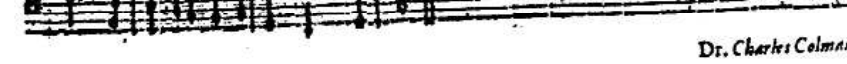
thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



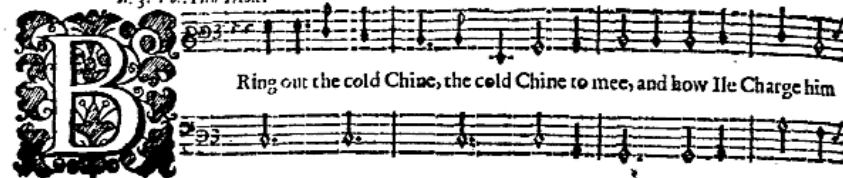
appears, appears, appears, appears in Bottles Beer.



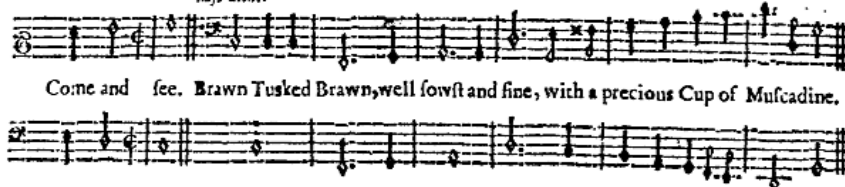
To Bacchus, &c.



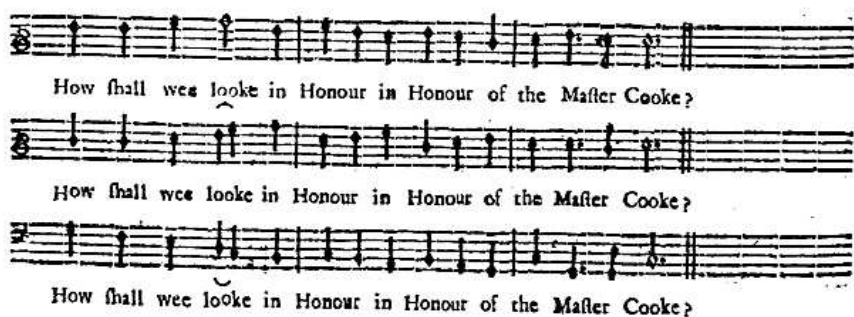
A Glee to the Cook.

A. 3. 1st. First Treble.

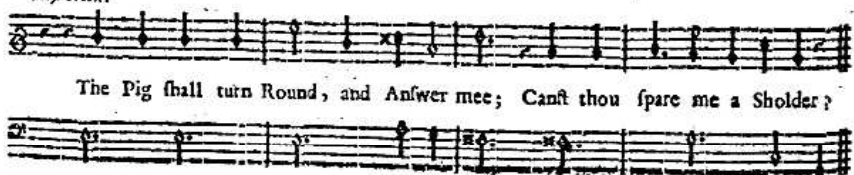
Bass alone.



Chorus for three Voyces.

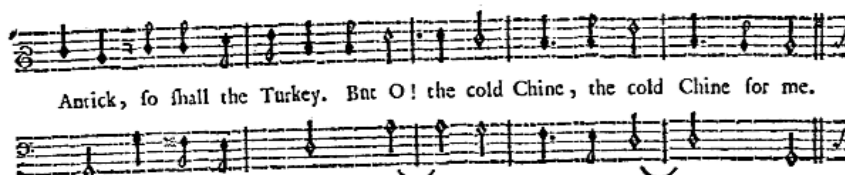
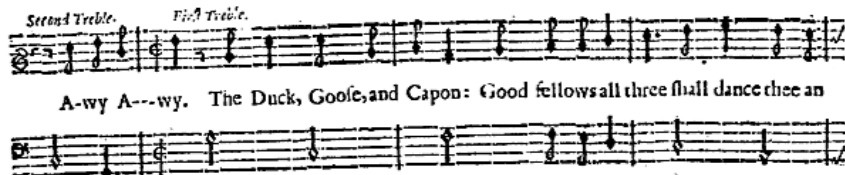


First Treble.

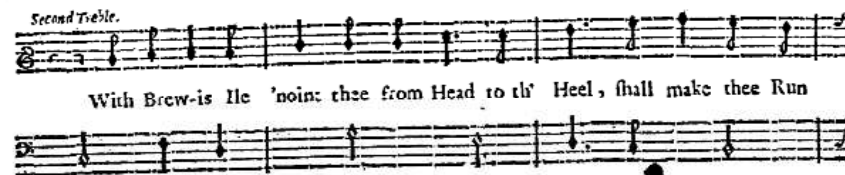


Second Treble.

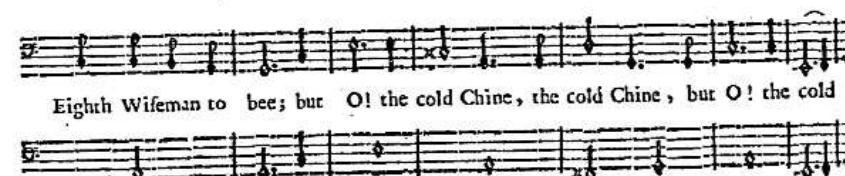
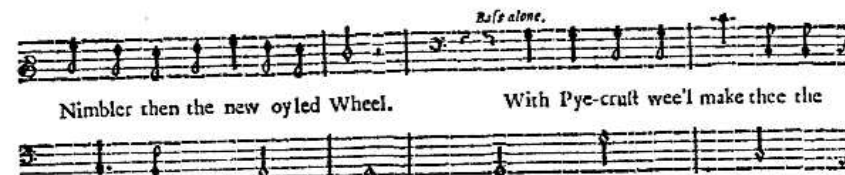
First Treble.



Second Treble.



Bass alone.



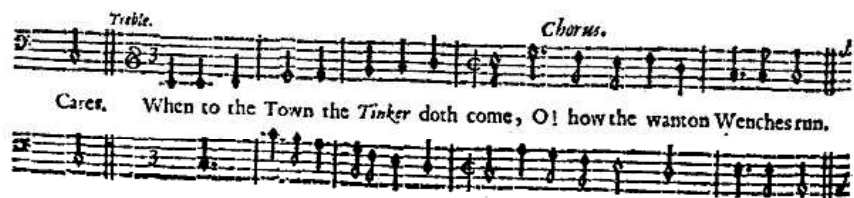
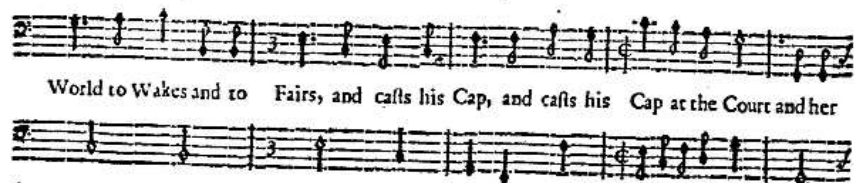
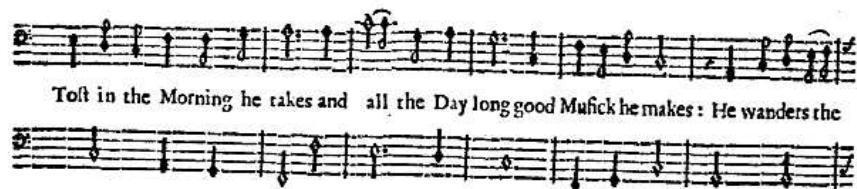
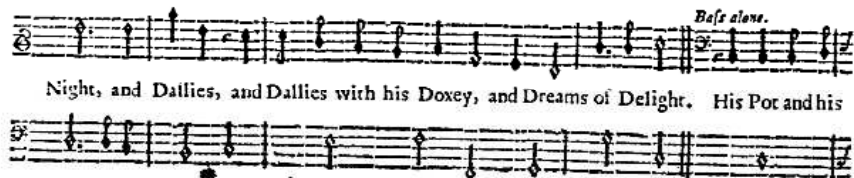
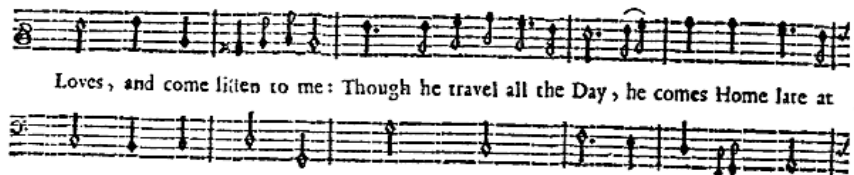
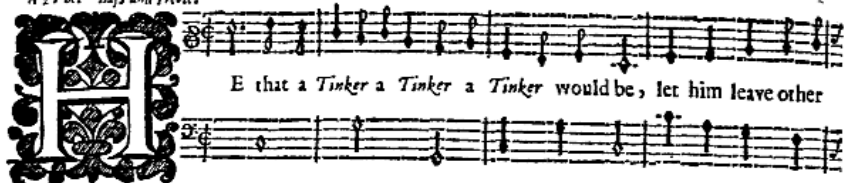
Chorus of three Voyces again.



Dr. John Wilson

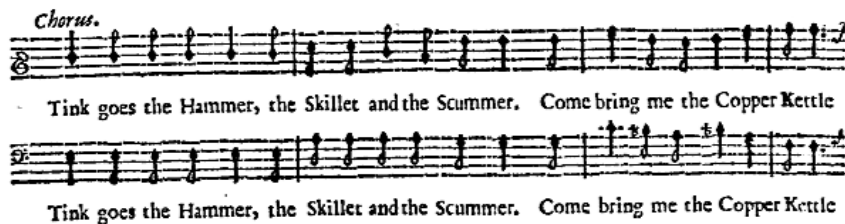
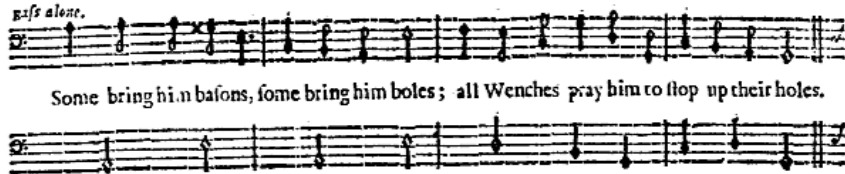
The Tinker.

A: Voc. Bass and Treble.



O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Bass alone.



Dr. John Wilson.

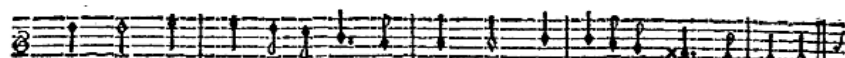
A Glee.

A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.

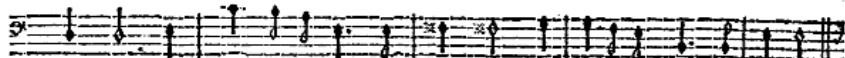


Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

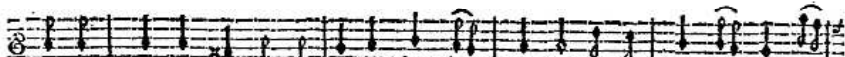
Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



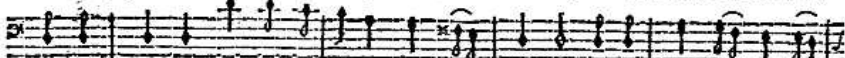
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



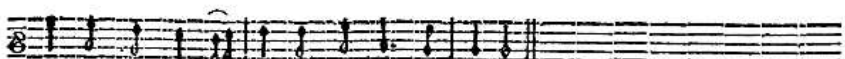
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

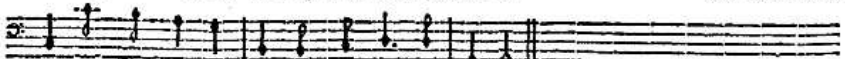


If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

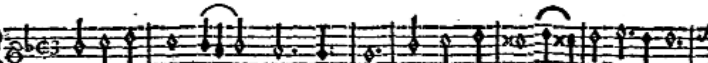
Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

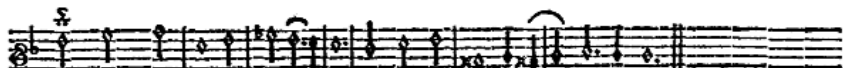
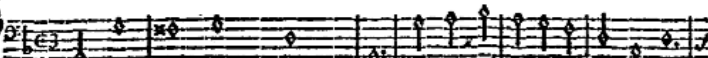
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

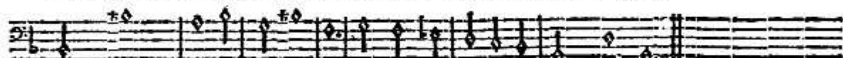
Mr. William Webb.



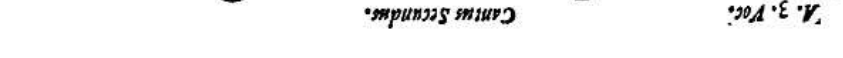
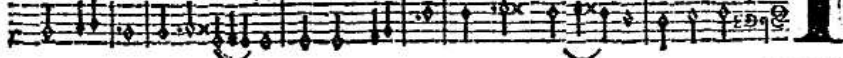
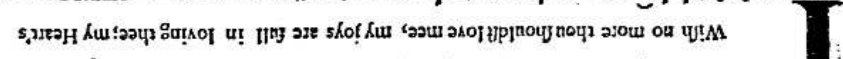
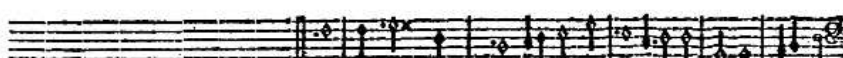
With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;



my Heart's too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Hearts



too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again.